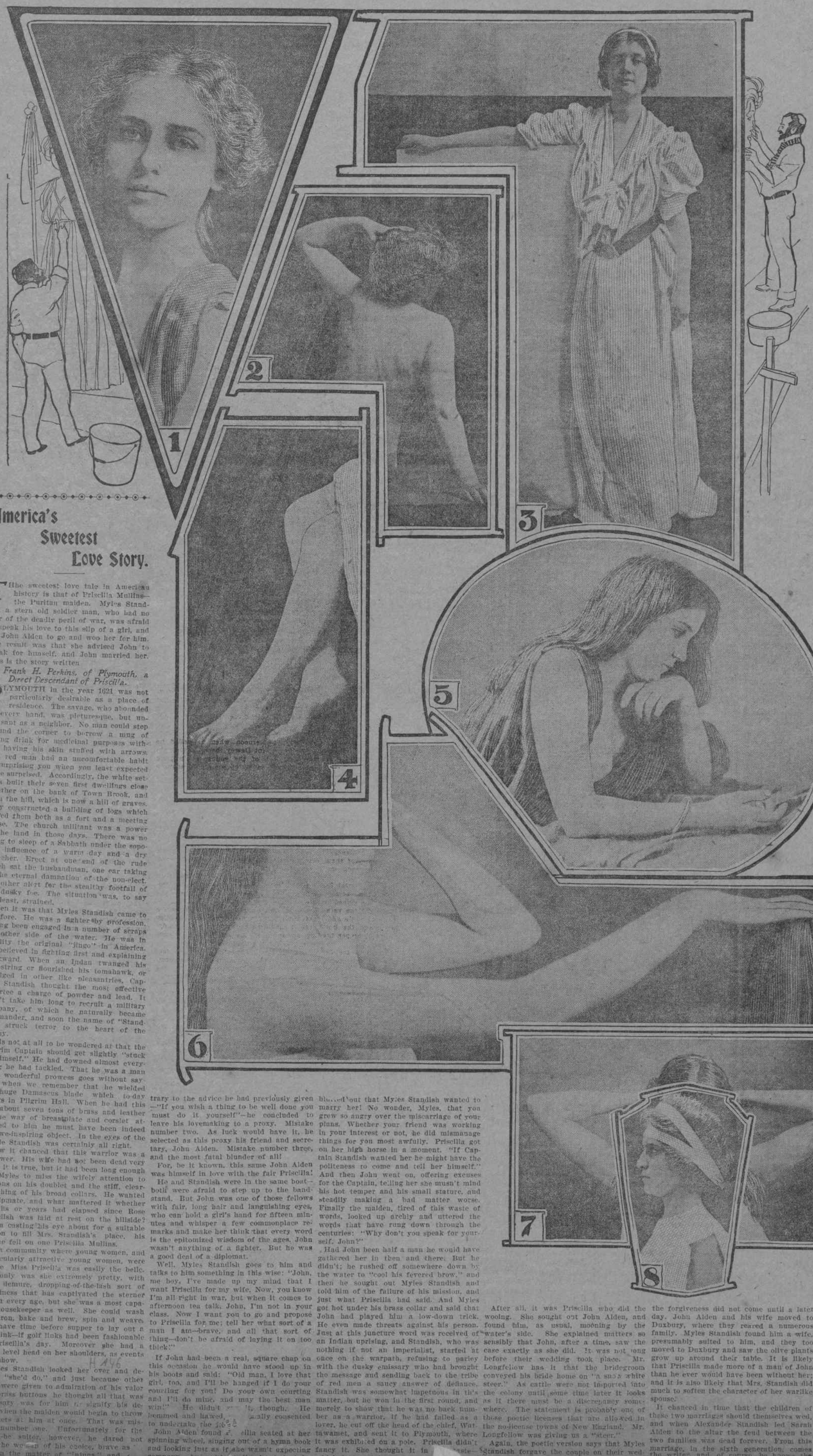
The Young Women Who Posed for the Statues on the Dewey Arch.



No. 1. Perfect brow of Miss Grace, one of Herbert Adams's models for "Victory."
No. 2. Miss Tyler, who posed for "Minerva's" arms and shoulders.
No. 3. Miss Williams, who posed for Couper's panel.
No. 4. Miss Anderson's ideal knee and foot.
No. 5. Miss Cartwright's ideal arm, reproduced in "Olympia,"
No. 6. Miss Gray's perfect arm and hand for "Victory."
No. 7. Miss Collins's arms in the heroic statues on the arch.
No. 8. Grecian head used by Bissell in his statue.
No. 9. Miss Hayden's long, wavy hair, reproduced in the arch panels.

THE biggest celebration ever accorded a modern hero will be given Admiral Dewey in New York.

Never in any age has so much feminine loveliness been pressed into service to honor greatness.

The Dewey Arch is a triumph of the skill of America's greatest sculptors.

The feminine loveliness portrayed in arch and colonnade will furnish the world with a new and heroic type of American beauty.

No one woman has been selected to pose for the various groups, but each artist has brought to the fore his standard of feminine perfection in the model he has chosen.

It is a well-known fact that artists rarely find a model whose different features are equally satisfactory. The heroic type of woman is particularly difficult, and it is the heroic figure that is necessary in such work as the Dewey Arch.

An artist may find his highest ideal realized in the magnificent proportions of the neck and shoulders of a model only to discover that the bust and waist line have been completely disfigured by tight lacing. Or the face may be of the grand Minerva type, miserably set on a hollow chest and sloping shoulders. And then, again, a perfect arm will end in a coarse, short-fingered hand; while a most artistic hand may be the unexpected finish to a thin, shapeless arm.

The willingness and gladness with which these men of note have put aside their individual work, regardless of financial consideration, shows the true American spirit.

And the models who work for 50 cents an hour have been just as patriotic. The unusual beauty in the posing in the various groups is the outcome of an enthusiastic patriotism.

Each model has thrown herself heart and soul into the work.

She has given her intelligence as well as her strength and time and beauty.

She has patiently held a laurel wreath high above her head until her arms ached with fatigue.

She has put aside opportunities for greater financial gain without a thought of her fall wardrobe.

And to feel herself part of this greatest American celebration has been for her, as for the artists, reward enough.

Naturally, people all over the United States are very much interested in the women whose beauty will be reproduced to adorn the famous Dewey arch—the most beautiful thing of the kind on this continent.

And because of this existing interest the Journal has had specially taken a fine collection of photographs which show, from an artist's standpoint, the most beautiful features of some of these most beautiful models in the world.

In this collection there is shown the perfect foot, the ideal hand, the most exquisitely rounded arm and the most regular features, each in itself a standard of perfect American beauty.

Not a purely ideal figure will appear in the arch or colonnade, whether Minerva, Victory or Peace, but the beauty has been copied from a live New York girl.

Of course, every one just now wants to know something of these models and just the reason that each girl has been selected.

Here is a description of some of the most important of the models:

One of the most famous models in the United States, Henrietta Anderson, has posed for J. Q. A. Ward in his quadrige for the top of the arch. Miss Anderson is the winged Victory rising out of the sea in the centre of the group. She is a nineteenth century New York girl, and yet there is nothing in Greek sculpture finer than her figure. She has never worn a corset in her life and has a perfect waist from the artist's standpoint. Her figure is imposing, her carriage queenly and she is famous for her perfect foot. She is of the heroic type and is always in demand.

Among her noted poses are [illegible] decorative work for the [illegible] Library at Washington.

Miss Constantine Tyler is the young woman who posed for Minerva in "Combat," the panel group by Karl Bitter. She is another New York girl whose fame as a model is widespread. Miss Tyler is a perfect Venus de Milo in measurement, stature and pose of body. Her waist measurement is only a quarter of an inch smaller than the original Venus de Milo. Her arms are magnificent and their roundness and beautiful curves have been reproduced in marble innumerable times. Miss Tyler has an intelligent understanding of every detail of the art of posing.

A model known to the sculptors and artists as Miss Grace has had her poise of head and brow copied in many of the statues of Victory. Her brow is broad and perfect. She has also a mass of beautiful wavy hair. Miss Grace is a great favorite among the sculptors. She has been a frequent model of Herbert Adams.

The arms of Miss Maude Cartwright and Miss Lottie Collins have both been reproduced to make perfect the female figures decorating the Dewey Arch. These girls have arms of perfect contour and rare beauty.

Miss Williams posed for a panel for Bissell and one for Couper. She is a Grecian type of girl, well built and statuesque. She is equally in demand for full length figures and for head poses. She has also posed as Minerva for many celebrated sculptors. Miss Williams carries herself like a young goddess. Her figure has been reproduced in many of the finest stained glass windows in the country.

Miss Gray, who also posed for Bissell, has a perfect arm and hand, with long tapering fingers of great beauty. Her hand has been reproduced many times in the decorations of the Dewey Arch. It is considered a perfect woman's hand.

Miss Annie Hayden is the model used by Dan C. French for the female figure in his group called "Peace," which will be opposite Karl Bitter's group, "Combat," on the southern facade of the arch.

THESE PERFECT FEMININE FORMS HAVE ESTABLISHED A NEW STANDARD OF AMERICAN ARTISTIC BEAUTY.

America's Sweetest Love Story.

THe sweetest love tale in American history is that of Priscilla Mullins—the Puritan maiden. Myles Standish, a stern old soldier man, who had no fear of the deadly peril of war, was afraid to speak his love to this slip of a girl, and got John Alden to go and woo her for him. The result was that she advised John to speak for himself, and John married her. This is the story written

By Frank H. Perkins, of Plymouth, a Direct Descendant of Priscilla.

PLYMOUTH in the year 1621 was not particularly desirable as a place of residence. The savage, who abounded on every hand, was picturesque, but unpleasant as a neighbor. No man could step around the corner to borrow a mug of strong drink for medicinal purposes without having his skin stuffed with arrows. The red man had an uncomfortable habit of surprising you when you least expected to be surprised. Accordingly, the white settlers built their seven first dwellings close together on the bank of Town Brook, and upon the hill, which is now a hill of graves. They constructed a building of logs which served them both as a fort and a meeting house. The church militant was a power in the land in those days. There was no going to sleep of a Sabbath under the soporific influence of a warm day and a dry preacher. Erect at one end of the rude bench sat the husbandman, one ear taking in the eternal damnation of the non-elect, the other alert for the stealthy footfall of the dusky foe. The situation was, to say the least, strained.

Then it was that Myles Standish came to the fore. He was a fighter by profession, having been engaged in a number of scraps the other side of the water. He was in reality the original "jingo" in America. He believed in fighting first and explaining afterward. When an Indian twanged his bow-string or flourished his tomahawk, or indulged in other like pleasantries, Captain Standish thought the most effective repartee a charge of powder and lead. It didn't take him long to recruit a military company, of which he naturally became commander, and soon the name of "Standish" struck terror to the heart of the enemy.

It is not at all to be wondered at that the Pilgrim Captain should get slightly "stuck on himself." He had downed almost everything he had tackled. That he was a man with wonderful prowess goes without saying, when we remember that he wielded the huge Damascus blade which to-day hangs in Pilgrim Hall. When he had this and about seven tons of brass and leather in the way of breastplate and corslet attached to him he must have been indeed an awe-inspiring object. In the eyes of the people Standish was certainly all right.

Now it chanced that this warrior was a widower. His wife had not been dead very long, it is true, but it had been long enough for Myles to miss the wifely attention to buttons on his doublet and the stiff, clear-starching of his broad collars. He wanted a helpmate, and what mattered it whether months or years had elapsed since Rose Standish was laid at rest on the hillside? So, in casting his eye about for a suitable person to fill Mrs. Standish's place, his glance fell on one Priscilla Mullins.

In a community where young women, and particularly attractive young women, were scarce Miss Priscilla was easily the belle. Not only was she extremely pretty, with that demure, dropping-of-the-lash sort of prettiness that has captivated the sterner sex in every age, but she was a most capable housekeeper as well. She could wash and iron, bake and brew, spin and weave, and have time before supper to lay out a golf link—if golf links had been fashionable in Priscilla's day. Moreover she had a good, level head on her shoulders, as events will show.

Myles Standish looked her over and decided "she'd do," and just because other folks were given to admiration of his valor and brass buttons he thought all that was necessary was for him to signify his desire, when the maiden would begin to throw bouquets at him at once. That was mistake number one. Unfortunately for the would-be suitor, however, he dared not face the woman of his choice, brave as he was in the matter of "injuns," and, contrary to the advice he had previously given—"If you wish a thing to be well done you must do it yourself"—he concluded to leave his lovemaking to a proxy. Mistake number two. As luck would have it, he selected as this proxy his friend and secretary, John Alden. Mistake number three, and the most fatal blunder of all!

For, be it known, this same John Alden was himself in love with the fair Priscilla!

He and Standish were in the same boat—both were afraid to step up to the bandstand. But John was one of those fellows with fair, long hair and languishing eyes, who can hold a girl's hand for fifteen minutes and whisper a few commonplace remarks and make her think that every word is the epitomized wisdom of the ages. John wasn't anything of a fighter. But he was a good deal of a diplomat.

Well, Myles Standish goes to him and talks to him something in this wise: "John, me boy, I've made up my mind that I want Priscilla for my wife. Now, you know I'm all right in war, but when it comes to afternoon tea talk, John, I'm not in your class. Now I want you to go and propose to Priscilla for me; tell her what sort of a man I am—brave, and all that sort of thing—don't be afraid of laying it on too thick."

If John had been a real, square chap on this occasion he would have stood up in his boots and said: "Old man, I love that girl, too, and I'll be hanged if I do your courting for you! Do your own courting and I'll do mine, and may the best man win!" He didn't say it, though. He hemmed and hawed, and finally consented to undertake the job.

John Alden found Priscilla seated at her spinning wheel, singing out of a hymn book and looking just as if she wasn't expecting company. And with the [illegible] blurted out that Myles Standish wanted to marry her! No wonder, Myles, that you grew so angry over the miscarriage of your plans. Whether your friend was working in your interest or not, he did mismanage things for you most awfully. Priscilla got on her high horse in a moment. "If Captain Standish wanted her he might have the politeness to come and tell her himself." And then John went on, offering excuses for the Captain, telling her she mustn't mind his hot temper and his small stature, and steadily making a bad matter worse. Finally the maiden, tired of this waste of words, looked up archly and uttered the words that have rung down through the centuries: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Had John been half a man he would have gathered her in then and there. But he didn't; he rushed off somewhere down by the water to "cool his fevered brow," and then he sought out Myles Standish and told him of the failure of his mission, and just what Priscilla had said. And Myles got hot under his brass collar and said that John had played him a low-down trick. He even made threats against his person. Just at this juncture word was received of an Indian uprising, and Standish, who was nothing if not an imperialist, started at once on the warpath, refusing to parley with the dusky emissary who had brought the message and sending back to the tribe of red men a saucy answer of defiance. Standish was somewhat impetuous in this matter, but he won in the first round, and merely to show that he was no back number as a warrior, if he had failed as a lover, he cut off the head of the chief, Wattawamet, and sent it to Plymouth, where it was exhibited on a pole. Priscilla didn't fancy it. She thought it in [illegible] taste.

After all, it was Priscilla who did the wooing. She sought out John Alden, and found him, as usual, mooning by the water's side. She explained matters so sensibly that John, after a time, saw the case exactly as she did. It was not long before their wedding took place. Mr. Longfellow has it that the bridegroom conveyed his bride home on "a snow white steer." As cattle were not imported into the colony until some time later it looks as if there must be a discrepancy somewhere. The statement is probably one of those poetic licenses that are allowed in the no-license towns of New England. Mr. Longfellow was giving us a "steer."

Again, the poetic version says that Myles Standish forgave the couple on their wedding day. But the forgiveness did not come until a later day. John Alden and his wife moved to Duxbury, where they reared a numerous family. Myles Standish found him a wife, presumably suited to him, and they too moved to Duxbury and saw the olive plants grow up around their table. It is likely that Priscilla made more of a man of John than he ever would have been without her; and it is also likely that Mrs. Standish did much to soften the character of her warlike spouse.

It chanced in time that the children of these two marriages should themselves wed, and when Alexander Standish led Sarah Alden to the altar the feud between the two families was dead forever. From this marriage, in the sixth generation, comes the writer, and, of course, he knows the